

The case-brakes are tall and thick along the banks of these lagoons, bayous, inlets, or what you call them; slim, and of fish-pole proportions, or less in some thickets, bigger and less' get-throughable in others. The oldest of the negro melodies comes back to memory, as I look at these banks, the "Jim Crow," that fathered that immense progeny of cork-made

The night has not broke when Richmond is reached, and the coach goes through the unknown street to the unknown residence of Rev. Mr. Manly. He is found, and his bed also, and it is well on to noon ere the sleep and the fast are broken. Then comes a visit to his schools. Coming in here soon after the city became free, he organized the schools for colored children, stimulated general school improvement, worked up his own schools until every grade, from primary to normal, was well afoot; when the city refused to give them the higher education, it will not build a new brick building in the best centre, next to the residence occupied by Jefferson Davis in his short and troubled reign, and thus I saw his youth studying the higher English as successfully as in any other high school. They are subjected to the severest tests,

It is said when Newman Hall, I think it was, visited here, he sought to confirm an incident that anybody but Tyn dall, and such men of science, falsely so called, would pronounce providential. Mrs. Dr. Walker told him that when standing near the opening on the third story, she felt an irresistible impulse to step back. She had no sooner done so, than a bullet flew up through the floor right where she was standing. He sought the spot and found the hole.

The city bears another proof of its

Then, again, take the matter of religious experience. Here, also the

Then, again, take the matter of religious experience. Here, also the

there were poor, ignorant, old women in his parish, that in this field, were more than a match for him. He was especially distressed to find these lowly people often happy in the evident

MIDNIGHT, Dec. 31, 1872.

A letter in *The Recorder*, from the diamond fields of Africa, speaks of a corrugated iron parsonage for Rev. Mr. Priestly, the Wesleyan missionary here, and two chapels of the same material, lined with white calico, and both capable of furnishing some 800 sittings. The ladies held a bazaar in aid of this movement, raising nearly \$2,000.

The Christian World.

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

REV. R. W. ALLEN, EDITOR.

"All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."—NUM. XIV. 21.

MISSIONARY ANNIVERSARY.—The general anniversary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held at Newark, N. J. It was appointed at Boston, and would have been held there but for the late fire. As might have been expected, it was largely attended, and was a season of great interest. The speeches were excellent. The speakers seemed to possess the true missionary inspiration, and they gave utterance to noble, appropriate, burning thoughts. The missionary breakfast was a new but an interesting feature of the anniversary exercises. Well-spread tables had been provided by the friends of the cause in Newark, and about one hundred persons partook of the feast. The company consisted of several ladies, Bishops James and Harris, the three missionary secretaries, and prominent brethren, ministers and laymen from Newark and vicinity, and New York. Dr. Dashiell, one of the secretaries, presided. After the feast, came the speeches—and I need not say they were thrilling, moving, powerful—they were all that, and more; full of the missionary spirit and fire. I regret that the limits assigned to this department forbid anything like a report of these speeches. Among the speakers were Dr. Dashiell, the chairman, Bishops James and Harris, Dr. D. P. Kidder, C. C. North, esq., Rev. A. F. Spencer, Dr. Daniel Curry, Dr. Corson, Dr. Crane, Dr. True, Mrs. Thomas, and Brothers Swales, Faulkner, and Cowan.

We will now give the reported speech of Bishop James, which our readers will read with interest and profit. The Bishop said:—
"Dr. Dashiell has said the higher object for which we are met, is to become better acquainted with each other. This is certainly a very pleasant and desirable object. There are no fellowships on earth equal to those existing between disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ; and I regard it as one of the felicities of my life that I have been able to make the personal acquaintance of so many of the godly men and women of the Church to which I belong, and in which I delight. But I think we should turn our thoughts and attention to a still graver subject. If it is desirable that we should become acquainted with each other, and if this is one of the principal objects of our meeting, let me say that the one great object of our missionary cause is to acquaint this world with God. [Applause.] The greater proportion of the human family are still in profound ignorance of their Maker and Redeemer, their rightful Lord and God. Their condition, is, therefore, most deplorable, and our God and Saviour has commissioned us to carry to them this knowledge. And if Christianity has so enriched us in this world, and if it has made us heirs of so rich an inheritance in the world to come, should not gratitude and love constrain us to do all that in us lies, to reveal this God and this salvation to perishing men?"

"When I look out upon Christianity in the light of the Holy Scriptures, and under the illuminations of the Divine Spirit, there is nothing connected with the Christian Church which to me is so marvelous as our indifference to this greatest of obligations. How it can be that Christians can enjoy their spiritual benefits, and forget those who are destitute of like mercies, and neglect their opportunities to spread this light, is a mystery. We cannot look upon the necessities of our fellows with indifference. Should they have any great peril or pain or disaster come upon them, if it be possible to afford them relief, our hearts are moved to extend it. But we look out upon a world perishing in sin, resting in superstition, and wedded to idolatry, dishonoring their God and our God, and going down to hell by generations with indifference. In meetings such as we held yesterday, and are now holding, we may think of them, but soon in the engagements of our business we allow them to be forgotten. O that the good Spirit may so impress us during this interview, that for the remainder of our lives we may carry with us an earnest missionary resolution to go and preach the Gospel to every creature! [Amen.] I am grateful that we can call upon our Church to increase her missionary appropriations by one third this year. It is the most sacred pleasure we can give to the Church to afford her the opportunity to come up in this ratio, in this enterprise, during this year. I trust she will respond with so much spirit and so much thankfulness, that we will be constrained to enlarge the amount next year." [Cheers.]

FOOCHOW, CHINA.—The Misses Woolston write to the Mission Rooms: "There are twenty-nine girls in the school, every one rejoicing in the possession of a foreign name for the honor of it, and besides a Chinese name for every-day use. We have four day-schools in process, and hope during the winter to find places where it will seem worth while to open others. The expense for carrying on one of these schools for a year will be from sixty to one hundred dollars. Perhaps those sending names would be pleased to support a day-school instead of a scholar in the boarding-school."

BOMBAY.—Our readers have been informed of the great revival of religion in progress at Bombay, where our Church is to establish a new mission. A "cloud of witnesses" has been raised

up there to testify for Christ. The *Bombay Guardian* says:—

"We were at a meeting the other evening, where, out of more than 200 who had received the grace of Christ, upward of sixty testified, one after the other, what the Lord had done for them. It is felt that God is preparing a band of witnesses and workers with reference to a much deeper and more extensive religious interest in the community at large."

INTERESTING AND CHEERING.—The *Witness*, published by our mission at Lucknow, India, communicates the following intelligence:—

"At a late meeting of the Executive Committee of the North India Bible Society, it was proposed that an effort should be made to place a copy of the Scriptures in every village in the district of Allahabad, there being in said district 3,695 villages, with a population of 1,124,736. In connection with this proposal, the hope was expressed that this work would be undertaken in other districts in Northern India, and that ultimately, through the combined agency of the societies auxiliary to the British and Foreign Bible Society, every village in India might be supplied with at least one copy of the Word of God."

It has finally been arranged that the General Missionary Conference will be held at Allahabad during Christmas week. More than fifty papers are to be prepared for the occasion by missionaries representing all parts of India. We are glad to learn that a series of historical sketches are to be read, embracing, we believe, all the missions in India. These will be deeply interesting, and will add much to the value of the published Minutes of the Conference. The Conference will be held on the premises of the Jumna Mission of the American Presbyterian Church. The first session will be held December 26. We hope a large number of missionaries may be present. It is a General Missionary Conference, and no one is excluded. Papers will be read by both European and native missionaries. Last, but not least, ladies will be allowed a voice, for the first time probably in India, at least in assemblies of this kind. Two ladies who have nobly distinguished themselves in Zenana work have been asked to prepare papers for the occasion, and we are assured that they will add both interest and profit to the proceedings.

APPOINTMENTS TO THE CONFERENCE.—The following are the appointments of the appropriation made by the General Missionary Committee, to be raised by the several Annual Conferences:—

Alabama, \$1,500; Arkansas, \$1,000; Baltimore, \$42,000; California, \$6,500; Central Germany, \$8,500; Central Illinois, \$16,000; Central New York, \$28,000; Central Ohio, \$16,000; Central Pennsylvania, \$24,000; Chicago German, \$3,000; Cincinnati, \$30,000; Colorado, \$1,500; Delaware, \$1,200; Des Moines, \$5,000; Detroit, \$13,000; East German, \$3,500; East Maine, \$3,500; Erie, \$28,000; Florida, \$500; Georgia, \$1,000; Germany and Switzerland, 600; Holston, \$2,500; Illinois, \$25,000; India, \$200; Indiana, \$20,000; Iowa, \$13,000; Kansas, \$6,000; Kentucky, \$3,300; Lexington, \$500; Liberia, 200; Louisiana, \$2,000; Maine, \$6,000; Michigan, \$13,000; Minnesota, \$7,000; Mississippi, \$2,000; Missouri, \$4,000; Nebraska, \$1,500; Nevada, \$700; Newark, \$26,000; New England, \$30,000; New Hampshire, \$8,000; New Jersey, \$24,000; New York, \$50,000; New York East, \$50,000; North Carolina, \$500; Northern New York, \$10,000; North Indiana, \$16,000; North Ohio, \$10,000; Northwest German, \$3,000; Northwest Indiana, \$13,000; Northwest Iowa, \$1,500; Ohio, \$28,000; Oregon, \$3,000; Philadelphia, \$52,000; Pittsburgh, \$38,000; Providence, \$15,000; Rock River, \$20,000; Rocky Mountain, \$1,000; St. Louis, \$6,000; South Carolina, \$4,500; Southeastern Indiana, \$13,000; Southern Illinois, \$12,000; Southwest German, \$7,000; Tennessee, \$1,500; Texas, \$1,000; Troy, \$28,000; Upper Iowa, \$10,000; Vermont, \$8,000; Virginia, \$1,500; Washington, \$2,500; Western New York, \$15,000; West Virginia, \$6,500; West Wisconsin, \$6,500; Wilmington, \$15,000; Wisconsin, \$11,000; Wyoming, \$16,000.

INDIA.—Our missionaries in India are greatly encouraged by the revival interest experienced in the mission. Conversions are constantly taking place under their labors. A week of extra meetings was observed at Lucknow, during which twenty persons professed conversion.

A MILLION OF DOLLARS THIS YEAR.—Yes, a million of dollars this year for the missionary cause. A dollar from each member of the Church will do it, and more. Shall it be done? So far as New England is concerned, we answer, it shall; we must think of nothing less.

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS.—Ritualism is carried to a rather fine point in England—said the Bishop of Winchester, who will not allow communicants to receive the bread with thumb and finger, but on the palm of the hand only.

Dr. Duff, the well-known missionary to India, alleges that the chaplains sent out by the government are largely of the ritualistic school, and damage more than help the truth.

The death of Rev. Dr. Crombie, of the Established Church in Scone, Fifeshire, is announced, at 84 years of age, and the 54th of his ministry.

Young Men's Mutual Improvement and Christian Association Societies are increasing among the Wesleyan ranks in England.

The Primitive Methodists seem to be rapidly multiplying chapels, and are raising a chapel loan fund to aid in canceling debts.

The New Connexion branch of this Church is vigorously working its missionary force in the Chinese field.

The Duke of Bedford is about to erect a colossal bronze statue of Bunyan, in Bedford.

A Jew now owns the Jesuit College at Strasburg, Germany, and lets it for Lutheran worship, a masonic lodge, etc.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

BY REV. C. ADAMS, D. D.

My last referred to the several deputations of Indian Chiefs, that, in the course of the autumn, have visited Washington. From these the transition is natural to other visitors from far beyond—the Japanese. How wonderful are the developments of this passing age! For the Japanese, if we ever thought of them at all, we used to look away eastward fifteen or sixteen thousand miles; nor ever a thought entered our minds that they were more truly west of us than east, and, in that direction, nearer to us by one half. To sail eastward for Japan, involved a voyage of about half a year; westward the passage is that of a single month, while from the west they now come to us, and westward they mostly go when homeward bound. Thus to Japan we can now travel from New York as quickly as, five years since, we could pass from the same city to San Francisco.

The pleasant relations that, within these few years, have sprung up between Japan and this country are well known to every one; and it is entirely apparent that this curious people, just now so secluded from most other nations, have suddenly become interested in this great republic and all its prominent institutions. Polity, education, commerce, agriculture, machinery and manufactures, our language and customs, all are matters of careful and intense contemplation on the part of these strangers from afar, while a high degree of confidence is felt by them in whatever pertains to American civilization.

With several of the Japanese young gentlemen who have visited this capital, I have enjoyed pleasant interviews. Mr. Mori, the resident charge from that country, and whose acquaintance I have formed, is an intelligent and handsome man, toward thirty years of age, and speaks our language with much readiness and propriety. Also, at his request, I entertained for some weeks, in my family, two newly arrived youths with a view of instructing them, to some extent, in the English language. One, among those now residing, has professed the Christian religion; and, last spring, at the hands of Dr. Newman, received baptism, and, so far as appears, adorns his profession. He has been, for some time, engaged in law studies with Judge Fisher—an able jurist here, and a member of our church, and who, together with his excellent lady, was mainly instrumental in his renunciation of heathenism, and conversion to Christ. I regret to add, however, that the example of this promising young gentleman does not seem to have been imitated as it deserved by his young countrymen who have sojourned, for a time, at Washington.

The two young gentlemen that came under my instruction seemed to indulge but few thoughts touching Christianity, or, in fact, of any other religion; and when invited to accompany us to church returned a very decided negative. It seemed to be in the mind of these young men—as was probably the case with most of their countrymen—to have nothing to do with our religion. Their great apparent drift seems to be to learn our language and gain an acquaintance with the numerous objects offering themselves to their contemplation in a country so new and strange to them. It is pleasant, however, to observe with how much readiness and facility these young strangers seem to fall in with the customs and modes of American society. They are clad in our costumes—their deportment is highly respectful, their aspect is kindly and pleasant, their bearing gentle and friendly, and, on the whole, they seem generally peaceful and lovable people.

The tawny skin, black eyes, black straight hair, high cheek bones, are universal characteristics, and they seem, in these features, to bear no small resemblance to the aborigines of our continent. Are the two related? Is not the Indian of Mongolian origin? Did he not, in some far distant day, and either purposely or accidentally, cross the narrow waters of the northwest, and thus leap from the Asiatic to the American continent?

Two or three slight notices of the Japanese people, as seen in their own country, and from the pen of a resident there, may fitly close this brief sketch.

"They carry notions of honor to the verge of fanaticism; and they are haughty, vindictive, and licentious. On the other hand, brawlers, braggarts, and backbiters, are held in the most supreme contempt. The slightest infraction of truth is punished with severity. They are open-hearted, hospitable, and, as friends, faithful unto death. It is represented that there is no peril a Japanese will not encounter to serve a friend; that no torture will compel him to betray a trust, and that even a stranger who seeks aid will be protected to the last drop of his blood."

The testimony of St. Francis Xavier, after a long missionary experience among the Japanese was that, "in virtue and probity, they surpassed all the

nations he had ever seen;" a testimony that seems to be corroborated by the latest and most reliable European and American observers.

While professing different religions, the Japanese are said to cherish no hostility between the various sects. "In a certain sense, the Sintoist, the Buddhist, and the Confucian, all profess the same religion. They differ in modes, but agree in essentials; and those who profess one mode, do not thereby condemn the other."

Finally, our authorities have done well in recently ordering a mission to Japan, while the selection of the principal pioneer is happy and wise.

METHODISM IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY REV. THEODORE L. FLOOD.

The history of the rise and development of the Methodist Episcopal Church among the Granite Hills, has never been put into book form. There is much of a temporary and local, as well as general interest involved in the trials of faith, exhibitions of courage, and force of character displayed by those men and women who first put on the Methodist name, and adopted the Methodist manner of living and presenting religion. Jesse Lee appeared in New Hampshire in 1797; he was followed by John Brodhead, Elijah Hedding, Martin Ruter, George Pickering, and Laban Clark, "who was the only native of the State in this list," as his immediate co-laborer in this field. Dr. Stevens writes, long rides, bad roads, hard fare, exposure to the weather by night, in log-cabins, and perils by day in fording creeks and rivers, were not the only trials to which the laborious preachers were subjected. They were assailed by other sects, and sometimes by the mob. "The people were incredulous, and slow to follow their leadership. Mr. Lecky says, 'The morals of men are more governed by their pursuits than by their opinions. But both the pursuits and opinions of the people contributed to prevent the advance of Methodist ideas and customs. The manufacturing centres of to-day, were not built up, and the many thousands of population now gathered into town and city were unseen. Agriculture was the prevailing employment. It generated a class of people peculiar to the soil, and rocks, and mountains of the State. The rare scenery choicely bestowed here, had its peculiar influence in shaping the character of the people. The atmosphere and landscapes, winters and summers touched not only the physical man, but tempered his soul, and helped to make sturdy, staid men and women; conservative in many things, but nowhere more fearfully so, than in religious movements."

The established Church was Congregational in doctrine and government. Of Divine origin we have no doubt, but the human side of this organization was the final appeal to prevent any new order from entering the field, to sow its dogmas or drive its stakes. Its relations to the State were born in statute law, as much as Jesus was born in the flesh. And it appeared that the law contributed to the sanctity of the Church. It provided the society with a church edifice; it gave the minister his salary, and furnished him a parsonage, including land for tillage, and firewood. These were valuable advantages for religious societies to enjoy. And of course, if the Methodist, or any other body of people, but this favored few made the attempt to preach the gospel, or gather societies in the name of Christ, it was endangering the sacred rights of those who first occupied the ground. The saying has been transmitted from children to their children, when a new society was organized, they have no right here; the territory is ours by priority of claim; and many hard sayings were uttered which it is not lawful to write.

These were some of the obstacles to the advancement of Methodism. We speak of them, not to open the old wound afresh in social or denominational life, but that the young may know how our goodly heritage has come to us, and to show them, and others, it may be that in the face of adverse circumstances, that were as strong as the prejudices of men, and patronage of civil law, our fathers pushed forward our Church interests, and secured them to us as permanent blessings. It was a victory for enterprise and tact, no less than for faith in God, and Christian fortitude, to manage the great interests of the denomination so successfully in those hours, made dark by conflicting opinions and bitter persecutions, and for want of precedents to throw their light and influence around. Upon their monuments may be written, "Victory forever." That was what they went into the conflict for, and that they came out with.

The New Hampshire Conference, with its present territory, including as does all of the State whose name it bears, and that portion of Massachusetts lying north of the Merrimack River, was organized in 1844, and held its first session in Winchester in 1845. Bishop James presiding for the first time among his New Hampshire brethren. It covers a small area of territory. The membership and ministry do not count up so high in members as do some of the larger Conferences, but it has put its mark upon our denominational character, and especially in the department of education. The first literary institution, and the first theological school in the Church sprang up within our borders. Their presence and direct influence upon the Church did much to inspire our ministers and people with hope in the future, though this hope was shaded by the accompanying struggles to perpetuate the life of the schools.

The Theological Seminary drew promising young men from all parts of the Union.

While pursuing their studies, many of them did excellent service, by supplying the pulpits for weak societies where regular preaching was not enjoyed, through lack of financial strength. Not a few of the most successful and brilliant men, whose names appear on the Conference records, emigrated from other States into this School of the Prophets, and then into the New Hampshire Conference. The Conference struck a rich vein in this school. It yielded well; and for twenty years it gave an annual supply of valuable men to the pulpits of our churches. Our work had become adjusted to this source of supplies. Many of our ablest ministers left us, because they saw promising young men coming into our ranks year after year to help bear our burdens. It was when we were in the midst of this state of things, that the Seminary was moved. It took away fifty ministers, upon whom we relied largely for help to do our work, and cut off our strongest source of supplies. For a time it embarrassed the work, and it certainly was the greatest loss Methodism ever sustained in this State. The school had become a necessity in the Church; a highway had been opened for it in the opinions and charities of our people. But its location must be Boston, not Concord; Massachusetts, not New Hampshire. There are times when poverty is very inconvenient. This proved true of our Conference in her relations to this school. A richer endowment, finer buildings, and greater advantages for students, both in the school and its immediate surroundings, secured to Boston the prize. It was the second school that our people in this State developed, and to Massachusetts were they both transplanted; and to-day the Church enjoys their fruit. From them the deeds have been carried to Madison, and Evanston, Tilton, Kent's Hill, Montpelier, Williamsport, etc.; and all through our connection the schools are multiplying, and the end is not yet.

Immediately after the Conference was organized, in 1844, measures were adopted to provide a seminary within its bounds, and in 1845 it was located at Northfield, N. H. A modest little brick structure was the first school edifice. After ten years had passed, money was raised, and a building with ample accommodations was provided. This was occupied for about six years, when it was destroyed by fire. New buildings were again erected in the same neighborhood—in Sanborn, now Tilton. They are built of brick, commodious and convenient, located in a pleasant village, surrounded by natural scenery that is a joy to the lovers of nature.

New Hampshire is a good State to emigrate from. So said Daniel Webster, as he left his native place in Franklin, and adopted another State as his home. Chief Justice Chase, Gen. Lewis Cass, Gen. John Dix, Governor elect of New York, William Pitt Fessenden, Horace Greeley, and Henry Wilson, with many others of a well-deserved fame, were given to the country by this State. The Church has received the same sort, and in large numbers. Though we haven't one D. D. now stationed in New Hampshire, yet we have sent out the following persons who were born here, that bear this honorable title: Abram D. Merrill, Charles Adams, Edward Cooke, J. A. M. Chapman, John B. Wentworth, L. R. Thayer, E. O. Haven, and J. H. Twombly; and the following D. D.'s, with others, were members of the Conference, and transferred: Francis Hoyt, editor of *The Western Advocate*, J. H. Vincent, R. S. Rust, Dr. Latimer, J. M. Fuller, and Luther T. Townsend, and a host of men on their way to the honor, that we dare not attempt to name.

Now if the Bishops, schools, and churches would only give us back our doctors, we would make a more brilliant appearance, to say nothing of the new vigor with which we would push our work.

Two worthy names have not been mentioned—Dr. Dempster and Bishop Baker. They went to the general work of the Church, and from thence to heaven. These were losses of an extraordinary kind, men of the first rank. When they left us, much of our strength was taken away. But a great deal remained, and to this fact we are indebted for much of our present success. In the midst of this tossing of our hopes upon a varying tide of fortunes, our schools and many of our men leaving us, our people were put to another test. The era of building new churches came. The old houses of worship were too small for the increasing populations and congregations. They must rise and build. This duty was met with the same self-sacrificing heroism that characterized our people in other enterprises. New churches, of a fine style of architecture, have been erected within a few years in Rochester, Nashua, Keene, Methuen, Haverhill, Newmarket, Bristol, Plymouth, and Franklin, at an aggregate expense of over two hundred thousand dollars. These enterprises, coming as they did so soon after our former great losses, pressed heavily upon our people; and indeed some of our strongest societies, among whom are Concord and Dover, have not yet rallied to this duty of the hour, though with them it is only a question of time.

Notwithstanding this loss of vital blood, and the disappointment of cherished hopes, and plans, in some of these things, among the leaders of our Zion, New Hampshire Methodism was never more vigorous, or so filled with enterprise and promise when she faced the

great mission before her, as she is now. Sweeping revivals of religion have been witnessed in some of our communities, that reminded the believers of early Methodist victories, of which our fathers oft have told in our attentive ears; Lisbon, and Piermont, Bristol, and Rochester, East Rochester, and Haverhill, Lawrence, and Fisherville, have been wonderfully stirred of late years, by the quickening power of the Holy Ghost, and hundreds of sinners saved, which illustrates that the old-fashioned revivals are not all past. Young ministers of culture, talent and power have received the mantle of noble men that have gone before them. Their bows abide in strength, and they are filling the pulpits in our centres of population, meeting the demands of their places with credit to themselves and honor to the cause.

These, with many of riper experience, and more wisdom, are grappling with the problems of the Church, as they are now resting upon us. The new epoch of Methodism here begins well. The Church can now be built upon our own soil more permanently than she has been in the past. The people can give their money to our own school at Tilton, and feel assured that it will not be removed from the State; and, by sending the children in our congregations to the same place, to get their education, encourage the hard-working president, professors, and trustees, and save many men to our ministry. If our quickly written words on the young men of our Conference do not stir up some laymen or Presiding Elders in the New England Conference, to come in the spring-time as in other days, to lay the temptations of large appointments, and big salaries before them, that will allure to other fields, our fears for the Church here shall cease, and our hopes will brighten.

We congratulate ourselves, however, that Providence and grace have combined to favor us with churches that have a large membership, located in populous communities, fine congregations and a remuneration worthy of the laity and ministry, as characteristics of a great many fields of ministerial labor among us; so that the difficulties attending the work of taking our men away, have increased. Our people see the danger, and are making haste to hold the young men as they grow to maturity and usefulness. If no unforeseen disturbance arises to destroy our prospects, we shall soon see Methodism spreading more and more, from the mountain sides to the coast, where the ocean beats our soil, and the multitudes that shall be saved by her help, will rejoice because her coming was no longer delayed.

Our Book Table.

NOTES, CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY, ON THE BOOK OF GENESIS. By Melancthon W. Jacobs. New York: Robert Carter & Bros. For sale by Gould & Lincoln. Dr. Jacobs' Notes on the Gospels have long been in familiar use among Sunday-school teachers of the Calvinistic churches. The volume upon Genesis becomes particularly valuable at this time, as covering the lessons of the uniform series for the first six months of 1873. It is a plain, very orthodox, and conservative commentary, embodying the results of wholesome Biblical criticism up to the present time. It has a very full and able profemina. Dr. Jacobs is now Professor of Biblical Literature in the Western (Presbyterian) Theological Seminary at Alleghany City, Pa.

FORCE. By Jacob Abbott. With numerous engravings. New York: Harper & Bros. This is the fourth volume by the same author of his excellent series, entitled, "Science for the Young, explained and illustrated in conversations and experiments, and in narratives of travel and adventures by young persons in pursuit of knowledge." Those volumes should, every one of them, be upon the shelves of the household library. They will be found by young readers more interesting than fiction; and after they are read, invaluable knowledge will have been secured.

ENGLISH OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY. Illustrated by Notes on Chaucer's Prologue and Knight's Tale; an introduction to the study of English Literature. By Stephen H. Carpenter. A. M. Boston: Ginn Bros. The author is Professor of Rhetoric in the State University of Wisconsin. The volume is arranged as a text-book, happily adapted to introduce a college class to the critical study of the English tongue. With its notes and glossary, it becomes an interesting volume, also, for the general reader.

THE REVISION OF THE ENGLISH VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By J. B. Lightfoot, D. D., Canon of St. Paul's; Richard Chenevix Trench, D. D., Archbishop of Dublin; and C. J. Ellicott, D. D., Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. With an Introduction by Philip Schaff, D. D., on the Revision of the English Bible. "No volume could be more opportunely published, or of more practical service, than this stout octavo from the press of Harper & Bros. The work of revising the King James' version of the Bible is now going on in England, under the supervision of over fifty of the first scholars in Hebrew, oriental, and classical languages, subject to the further revision of about half as many American Biblical students. Of the nature of this work, the necessity for it, the character of the changes proposed, the effect upon the present version, and the progress of the work at the present time, these very

elaborate and interesting papers from three leading English divines, and ex-egretical scholars, and the extended and instructive introduction by Dr. Schaff, give the most satisfactory illustrations and answers. It will form a most valuable addition to the critical apparatus of every student of the Old and New Testaments. A. Williams & Co., 135 Washington Street, have the work in Boston.

The same publishers issue a second series of the sermons of Rev. T. De Witt Talmage. There is no minister in the United States better known; and he compares well with Mr. Beecher in the size of the audience which he commands through the public press outside of, as well as within, his audience room—we were about to say Tabernacle, but that now lies in ashes; only for a few months, however. It will soon rise in statelier proportions, and of more substantial materials. Mr. Talmage is a sensational preacher, of the best order. He draws the crowds, and startles his hearers by constant homely and striking illustrations and dramatic pictures; but he always keeps the great end of the ministry in view, and preaches to win souls. Whatever criticism may be made upon these phonographically reported sermons, no one can call them dull, or difficult to read.

Hitchcock & Walden publish a peculiarly interesting volume, recording the progress of the Reformation in France and Italy in the sixteenth century, as illustrated in the life of the illustrious and devoted princess, Renata, of Este, daughter of Louis XII., of France. The volume is the work of Pastor Carl Strack, of Germany, and is admirably translated by Mrs. Catherine E. Hurst. This is a substantial and admirable addition to the youth's and family library. For sale by J. P. Magee.

WALTER POWELL, OF MELBOURNE AND LONDON. Merchant, Philanthropist, and Christian. By L. P. Brockett, M. D. New York: George Routledge & Sons. This is a work of much the same character as Arthur's "Life of Samuel Budgett," and the "Life of Amos Lawrence," by his son. The events recorded in this volume, however, have the additional interest of transpiring in a portion of the world still somewhat unfamiliar to the average reader. Walter Powell's father was an early colonist in Van Dieman's Land. Here his own life was passed. His parents were poor, and he started in business at the lowest position, working up by his diligence, honesty, and intelligence, to the highest. He was early and thoroughly converted, united with the Wesleyan Church, and begun at once his work of self-improvement, personal effort in every form of Christian service, and the regular giving of a determinate portion of his earnings in Christian charity. His influence and ability increased with all his years. He became connected with all the religious enterprises of the new world where his business life was spent. He was, in a large sense, his own executor. From first to last he was "not slothful in business," but was "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." We heartily commend this book to all young men just beginning their business career. The volume deserves, and we trust will enjoy a wide distribution.

The National Temperance Society Publishing House is sending out this season some of the best written, and most wholesome volumes for the juvenile library. We announce this week, from the pen of that well-tried writer for young people, Miss Mary Dwinell Chellis, "Old Times," a very graphic history, in a story form, of the progress of the temperance reform during the last fifty years. The society also publishes "The Hole in the Bag," by Mrs. I. P. Ballard (Kruna). This volume, which bears the title of one of the stories contained in the volume, is composed of many very interesting, short temperance sketches.

Alfred Martien (Philadelphia), publishes "Tutor and Teamster; A Sequel to Friends in Need," by Clara F. Guernsey. An interesting story is here given of a false accusation of theft, brought against a Sunday-school scholar. He was sent to prison, but in the good providence of God his innocence is discovered, and he is finally honorably released. We doubt whether such events often occur; but the moral is wholesome, and the associated incidents of the tale are well arranged.

J. B. Lippincott & Co. have republished from the *Contemporary Review*, an admirable biographical sketch of Dr. Norman Macleod, the eminent Scotch preacher and writer, and editor of "Good Words." An interesting appendix to the article is added in this pamphlet. Dr. Macleod was a very ready and sprightly writer, a fine speaker, and one of the most popular men of his day. Few deaths of last year were so widely lamented. Harper & Brothers add to their library of select works of fiction, the second volume of the remarkable work by George Eliot, entitled, "Middlemarch." The English papers make it a study. One of our Wesleyan exchanges considers it at length, in an editorial, in the light of a lay preacher, and discourses upon the moral lessons it teaches. "The Christian Register," of this city, has had five or six particularly interesting articles upon it, bringing out its beauties and subtle thoughts. It is a sad and powerful fiction, presenting a very graphic view of social and moral life in England in rural districts, as it existed a half a century ago.

The same firm publishes in covers, with numerous illustrations, the last work of Charles Reade, entitled, "The Wandering Heir," which has been published serially in the illustrated *Weekly*. They also publish "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," by William Black.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Boston District Sunday-school Convention, at Rockbottom, Jan. 15
 White Mountain Ministerial Association, at Bethlehem, Jan. 17-18
 Keenawake Ministerial Association, at Sunapee, N. H., Jan. 20
 New Bedford District Preachers' Meeting, at Pleasant Street, New Bedford, Feb. 3-5
 Fall River District Conference, at the First Church, Fall River, Feb. 24

ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, JAN. 9, 1873.

THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

The fiftieth anniversary of the HERALD occasions, in view of the public recognition of the event already announced, an examination of its old files. Nothing can give a person a more striking impression of the world's progress than such a review. It is not the diminutive size of the paper of a half century since, that is most suggestive of the changed condition of things, but the contents of the sheet. There is not a sensational heading to be found from the beginning to the end; indeed there is scarcely anything that would be collected under the head of general news in the whole paper. Under the date of January 16, the European files just received, were only as late as November 14. Scarcely anything was gleaned from them save an item relating to French hostilities. The American news embraced a few incidents connected with the General Court, and with the proceedings of Congress. It was almost wholly a religious tract. Its columns gave an opportunity to print a short sermon, an exhortation to interest in Sunday-schools, and numerous letters from pastors in relation to the work of God in their fields of labor. No sweeping gres, no fearful railroad accidents, no burning steamships, no startling murders, no Pan-Catholic, or Pan-Presbyterian gatherings, no stirring records of political struggles, or crash of armies in mortal strife, no "rings," no grand frauds, or defalcations, no leaning towards any political leaders in the administration of public affairs, no great common moral enterprises, save that the temperance cause was just lifting up its head, and articles were appearing upon the immoderate use of liquors, no long, inviting columns of personal intelligence, and items of news from all parts of the globe, no serial stories, nor even short tales, no pages of fresh book notices, no sharp editorial criticism upon public movements and public men; none of these indispensable elements of a modern religious weekly found a place in these early papers. We wonder, as we examine them, how they could have been considered a fair return for the subscription price—the same as at present; but then money had more than twice its purchasing value at the present time. Times have changed, and we have changed with them. The calm, religious people of those slow days took comfort in these simple records of the progress of the gospel around them. Books were few, and new ones rare. Secular prints were scarcely more entertaining. Steam had not yet sent the world a whirling, and the lightning did not flash the news daily, and almost hourly from every quarter of the globe.

It is very interesting to note how gradually the change came, and the causes that intensified social and religious life. The gradual increase and exchange of newspapers, the springing up of a young and fresh literature in the country, the improvement in schools, the multiplication of academic institutions, the general advance in popular education, all these exercised a powerful influence over the religious press. But the great moving forces were the moral, social, and religious controversies which have been earnestly urged during the last half century. It is quite interesting to see how the formal, essay style of editorials, and the elaborate sermonic habit of correspondents were broken up when a real occasion for writing offered itself. The early discussions of the HERALD were upon doctrinal points. Timothy Merritt and Dr. Fisk on Universalism, and Rev. Elijah Hedding, on the Divinity of the Son of God, sharpened the pens of other writers. The HERALD at once espoused the temperance cause with great warmth, and under the popular management of the present Mayor of Portland, Hon. Benjamin Kingsbury, jr., the paper opened a powerful battery upon Romanism. Dr. Stevens, now of the Methodist, then a young, fervent, and popular preacher in Boston, poured forth a fiery stream of eloquence against the Papal Church, which was published in a pamphlet, widely circulated at the time, and largely criticized through the columns of the HERALD. It would amuse our old friend, and honored predecessor in office, to read, at the present day, some of those tropical sentences in his anti-Romanist sermon, which produced so much popular effect when they were delivered.

But a much sharper controversy was pending. During the same editorial supervision, the great anti-slavery debate broke out. It changed the whole character of the paper. Earnest men, with a resolute purpose wrestled in its columns. The articles written were not prepared simply for meditative reading, or intended to illustrate the abilities and literary culture of their authors. They were thrown off hot from the brains of men in dead earnest, who could not stop to polish their

periods. We have read over with renewed surprise, the earlier articles of Orange Scott. Personalities had not become the habit of writers. But his portrait of slavery and its incidents will stir the blood even now, after the terrible battle has been fought through, and been gained. It would be amusing to watch the face of Dr. Whedon, of the Quarterly, as he read over his articles in the HERALD, at this period, in response to the New England Abolitionists, and in opposition to the devoted Englishman, George Thompson, who was then lecturing in the country. Dr. Fisk was anxious, pious, sweet-tempered, and fearful of the effect of the discussion upon his college, the Church, and the country. The sharpness of the debate occasioned changes in the editorial chair, while the interest of the discussions increased the circulation of the paper. The antagonist papers, born of the anti-slavery reform, challenged its highest ability in the defense of the Church, and in the education of New England in wholesome abolition sentiments.

The final division of the Church, and the logic of the great civil war settled, to a large degree, these controversies. During, however, the years embraced in their later events, amazing material advance had been made. The continental lines of railroad that had been built, and the telegraphs under oceans, and over hemispheres of land, had brought the whole world within speaking distance. The free circulation of money, although in the form of a somewhat depreciated currency, not excepting the religious press. Large papers, more or less independent of denominations, were started, and pressed into an immense circulation by all the appliances of the modern advertising art. Competition has forced constant improvements into the columns of these widely-circulated sheets; and with them all our sectarian papers, enjoying but a limited range of patronage, are brought into weekly comparison. The heavy controversial style has changed into the incisive, dogmatic assertion. The pen editorial meddles with everything under the sun, social, political, scientific; all, indeed, as they relate to the highest well-being of man. The religious press gives the spiritual interpretation of the chief providential incidents that occur the world over, and in addition collects in its news columns, the original data of facts upon which readers can philosophize as they may choose.

One can see, at a glance, how much more laborious the office of a managing editor has become, and how much larger a corps of writers are necessary to gather, condense, classify, and interpret the multifarious events that fly on the beams of light every hour from all portions of the world. When the HERALD was one quarter of its present size, a committee of the New England Conference said of it, with delightful complacency, that it was the best religious paper in the country. It will require no little vigor on the part of its friends to enable the Association, which for forty years has published it for the Church without personal remuneration, to keep the paper up to such a standard as will enable intelligent and conscientious Methodists to feel only a sense of honest pride in comparing their denominational press with that of their religious neighbors.

THE GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

The Message of Governor Washburn, delivered at the State House on Thursday, before the General Court of Massachusetts, was an eminently sensible address. It was plain, practical, frank, and entirely confined to the interests of the State. It opens with a very encouraging statement of the condition of the State finances. Without increased taxation the indebtedness of the State has been decreased to the amount of \$3,000,000. The whole liability of the Commonwealth in round numbers, is now \$26,600,000.

The Governor anticipates the early opening of Hoosac Tunnel and its very favorable effect upon the transportation of freight, and recommends legislation in reference to the lines of road passing through it, both as to their consolidation into one company, and their being placed in a higher state of efficiency.

He criticises the work of the Labor Bureau, as gathering its statistics and arranging them rather to illustrate and confirm preconceived theories than to enable an unprejudiced mind to form clear judgments of the true relation of capital to labor; and suggests certain other lines of inquiry which he thinks desirable to have carefully pursued.

Governor Washburn has manifested from the first an intelligent interest in the dangerous and perishing classes, and in the work of the prevention and cure of crime. He adds the evident weight of his judgment to the recommendation of the Commission for the sale of the present site of the State Prison, and the purchase of another where space enough can be obtained, with the erection of proper buildings, to secure a better classification of prisoners, and to attempt more earnestly the reform, as well as secure the punishment of men sentenced for a breach of law. He also recommends the removal of the male paupers from Bridgewater Almshouse, and the use of the building there, with such additions as may be required, for a female prison. The men now there, with mature youths not confirmed in criminal habits, sentenced to imprisonment, he recommends should be placed in some jail or work-house in the Commonwealth where their manual labor can both pay

the expenses of their confinement, and also discipline them in habits of industry.

The Governor comes out with undisguised frankness in favor of the most pronounced prohibitory legislation as to intoxicating beverages. He believes, also, without doubt, with sufficient grounds, that he expresses the prevailing sentiment of the people of the State in this matter. He declares himself unhesitatingly to be in favor of the repeal of the laws legalizing the sale of beer, believing that the places where beer and cider are sold, are nothing less than ordinary drinking saloons, where habits of drunkenness are inevitably formed.

The Governor very properly criticises the course of some of the courts in the State who destroy the whole force of the present liquor law by their manner of administering it in the case of the liquor sellers. The fault is not with the State Police, for whom the Governor has a good word, but with the magistrates, who, if not misinterpreting the letter of the law, break its spirit in their false lenience toward men who, however respectable as to their social position, are the worst enemies to the well-being of the community.

We trust the wholesome recommendations of our Christian Chief Magistrate will be duly heeded by the Legislature.

"B. Y. M. C. A."

One of the notable events in the city on New Year's day, was the dedication of the ample and convenient new rooms now owned and occupied by the Young Men's Christian Association, on the corner of Tremont and Eliot Streets. It was fitting that the institution should enter this new "suite" of rooms on its twenty-first year. The Boston Branch of the Association was organized December 21, 1851, in narrow quarters, upon the corner of Washington and Summer Streets. With its hale, young manhood, it is enabled to set up for itself in its own broad accommodations, only encumbered by an easily-managed indebtedness. Boston was within eight days of having the first Association of the kind on this continent, Montreal having preceded it a little more than a week. The first Y. M. C. A. had been instituted in London, by clerks in cloth establishments, eight years before, and had given such early promise of great usefulness as to attract the attention of Christian men everywhere. The Association in this last quarter of a century has enjoyed a wonderful success. It is estimated that 500 branches are in existence in Europe, numbering some 25,000 members. In this country 150,000 names are upon its rolls of membership.

The first President of the Boston Association, which from the first has been a very active and vigorous body, was an honored and beloved friend of the editor, a cultivated and able lawyer, connected with St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Francis O. Watts, esq., whose calm, and even triumphant message addressed to him as "from the border land," in the momentary expectation of death, is preserved among his choicest treasures. An excellent list of successors in this important office is fully closed with the present incumbent, also a member of the Episcopal Church, Mr. Russell Sturgis, jr.

The building fund was first suggested by one of our Association, Mr. Alden Spear and Mr. J. S. Warren, and the first pecuniary contribution was a gold English crown-piece, by Mr. Watts, the President. The small seed has grown into a stately tree. The Association has now an equipment only second to the magnificent edifice owned by the New York branch, a library of 4,600 volumes, reading-room, parlors, gymnasium, committee rooms, an office for the excellent managing Secretary, Mr. L. P. Rowland, and a hall that will accommodate six hundred persons.

The dedicatory services were very interesting, and well attended, particularly in the evening. Practical and eloquent addresses were delivered by Dr. E. N. Kirk, Rev. Phillips Brooks, Rev. N. J. Gordon, Dr. Daniel Steele, R. R. McBurney, the devoted Secretary of the New York Association, Rev. H. M. Parsons, Dr. Cullis, W. H. Baldwin, of the Young Men's Christian Union, and others.

Measures are to be instituted at an early date to relieve the Association of its debt. We trust a long, uninterrupted and useful career is now before the institution, and that thousands of our young men may be saved by its influence from temptation, and be won to active Christian service.

THINGS NEW AND OLD.

BY F. H. NEWHALL, D. D.

I always loved old things. Why it is I cannot tell, and do not care to inquire. Analyzing a flower spoils it for sight and smell, and this is a pleasure that I want to keep. I love old houses, where I can hear the footsteps and voices of vanished generations, and I get more warmth at the wide old hearth than ever comes up through the black furnace holes of your elegant parlor, good Brother Dives. I love old books, which have fed hungry souls for ages; the paper may be brown and coarse, and the thick black letter hard to follow, but to think of the hands that have fingered these leaves, and of the eyes that have laughed and wept over these lines! There is an aroma on the leaf, as of thoughts daintily embalmed for centuries, such as never rises from your fresh cut pages, Brother Neologos. I love old towns, with their crooked, narrow streets, with all their inconveniences and absurdities,

because their very stones and dust are alive with such reminiscences of those who have lived and loved, struggled and suffered before us.

The new is clean from stains, but it is also clean from associations. It is the dust-covered stones that are written all over with thoughts and feelings. The new seems most comfortable and convenient, but it is untried. It is fresh to the eye, but it is not picturesque to the inner eye. We are pleased with the new for what we expect it to be; we love the old for what we know it has been. The pleasures of memory contend with the pleasures of hope, as we try to settle the rival claims of the new and the old.

There is a pleasing illusion, a delightful haze before our eyes when we look backward. Men loom like giants through that haze. Our fathers, physical, intellectual, and spiritual, seem far taller and grander than we. So it always was. The Homeric heroes were mightier than were common men when the old minstrel sung, and he tells us that his heroes sighed as they spoke of the mightier ones before them.

The HERALD's fiftieth year raises before the eyes of our Nestors the maces of half a century ago. Is it so, we ask, that Hedding and Emory, Fisk and Merritt, who loom so grandly through the mist, cast no longer shadows over the earth than these whom we see bearded, and empurpled to-day? Nestor groans at the question, but Nestor is nobody now. It is certain that our fathers sighed for their fathers, as we for them, and yet do we find any bedsteads or coffins to show that we are pigmy children of a race of giants?

The old HERALD! That venerable paper whose files my mother keeps sacredly barreled in the garret, so that coming generations may know what a Methodist paper once was! The old HERALD with its trumpet-angel, its seraphic obituaries, its elephantine discourses, its weighty doctrinal discussions, what a solemn, awful paper that was to my childhood! Alas! The Havens, and the Peirces of this generation inspire no such reverence. There is anybody barreling up the HERALD of to-day? Is there a boy extant who venerates the editorial sceptre as once did I? And why not? Was the mould broken after the fathers were made, or is veneration one of the lost arts? The modest successor of Merritt and Stevens, and Wise, and the Havens' will tell us that he attempts not to bend the bow which Ulysses left hanging in the hall, or to fling the bar after the Douglas, but in days to come, "the grey-haired sires who knew the past," will speak of the HERALD of to-day, in the same strain as the Scottish sires who loved to

"Moralize on the decay
Of Scottish strength in modern day."

Yes, odd as it is, you, and I, my brother, will one day become venerable, if for no other reason, simply from the fact that we are so fortunate as to have others come after us.

EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

Perhaps one never realizes so fully that he is away from home, as when attending religious service in a strange land. The Sabbath at home is ever a day of sacred pleasure. The family devotions never seem to speak so clearly to the soul as on this day when worldly cares are laid aside, and the household are alone with God. As they bend their way to Church, the very air seems vocal with praise, while all nature vies with man to celebrate the glories of a risen Lord.

But, with the very first Sunday, one feels the change, and realizes at once that his wanderings have begun. The ship's bell calls the company together in the saloon. The doors of the steerage are thrown open, and the less favored of the passengers enter, to share in the devotions. They look worn; many are quite pale, for they know more of the miseries of sea-sickness than many a one who has been the constant thought of kind friends at home.

But the motion of the ship, the noise of the machinery, and the quaint appearance of the congregation serve to distract one's attention from the service. Some are present from mere curiosity; some have sought for something to break up the monotony of the voyage which already had begun to grow tedious. Some have sought the saloon to listen and worship, but the thoughts will wander to the quiet home circle, where fervent prayers are offered for the absent one.

The first Sunday on shore was passed in London. I joined in the throng that listened to Spurgeon, the preacher of the people. The tabernacle where the services are held seems erected more for the simple practicality of seating a great number of people, than for pleasing the eye by any architectural effects. The subject of the discourse was the necessity of a personal acceptance of Christ. The manner of the preacher was energetic, the style rhetorical, but the figures were taken from the homely matters of daily life, and they failed to render the discourse particularly ornate. The sermon contained one or two hints at that extreme Calvinism so common in Church creeds, and so rare anywhere else. Twice, too, the preacher gave expression to those exclusive notions that have rendered his branch of the Christian Church so unpopular. The singing was fine. The whole congregation became one choir, and the words rolled out in one broad flood of harmony.

It has been the fashion to criticise Spurgeon's diction, style, and thought; but after all he reaches a class of people whom the Established Church does not address, and who would never be moved by its beautiful litany or esthetic music.

A few days carried us from Protestant England to Catholic Belgium. The illusion was perfect, and, for a moment, one might have fancied that Brussels was in France, so plainly did everything speak of the frivolities of the people whose language we heard, and whose manners were imitated.

The Sabbath came. Every street was gay with flags and streamers; the shops were in holiday dress, while the walks were crowded with people whose gay faces and festive attire told of mirth and relaxation. Suddenly there came a sound of music; not the light, fantastic harmony that hurried on through the wondrous mazes of the dance, nor yet the clash and roar that tell of victory and exultation. The notes were solemn, heavy, and almost dirgelike. Soon a long procession came in view. First came the robed ecclesiastics, bearing the insignia of the altar; and, as the sacred host and holy grail passed by, the swaying crowd stood with uncovered heads, and each murmured a formal prayer. Monks, priests, and students followed slowly, chanting a sort of mass. Last of all came some young girls clad in purest white, and wearing the long white veil that told of convent vows and mistaken devotion. Strange mummery this seemed, yet to the crowd that lined the route of the procession, this was worship. The procession passed, and with it every serious thought the people had, seemed to vanish, for the day closed with fireworks, balls, theatres, and one universal round of revelry.

A few days more, and our train moved slowly into the city of Cologne. The grand old cathedral, a history of architecture, towered aloft in silent majesty. The mind dwells with fondness on the work that rose mid the glad antheams that hailed the close of the Holy Wars, yet the advocate of modern progress, as he gazes on the work slowly rising to-day, is constrained to admit that during the long centuries, one of the grandest works of art has stood as still as the moon in Ajalon. But a far graver thought comes, as one stands within the temple, and listens to a sudden mockery of worship, and a deeper satire on devotion than that which first woke the echoes of those storied walls.

The closing week found me in Berlin; and, on Friday evening I sought out the Jewish Synagogue. The whole appearance of the congregation seemed to speak of anything rather than worship, for every head was covered, and every form erect. I listened intently to the service, hoping to catch some familiar words. Nor was I disappointed, for I soon saw that the priest was reading the ninth of Isaiah. His voice was strong and clear, and the glorious words filled the whole building: "For unto us a child is born, to us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon His shoulder." These "sure words of prophecy," bright with hope, and big with expectation, had for centuries been the reliance of the Church of God, till faith was lost in sight. Yet in this presence they seemed a solemn farce, a horrid mockery. There these people stood, waiting for the Messiah whom centuries before, their fathers had "crucified and slain." Never before had worship seemed so bootless. I had stood in the gay streets of Brussels, amid the dancing banners and waving flags, while the awful sacrifice on Calvary was commemorated, with festal pomp, and tinsel splendor. But above the Bishop's calotte, above the banners that the pope had blessed, above the sacred host, and holy grail, above the clouds of curling incense, that hovered lightly over the heads of the swaying crowd, or sailed calmly toward the vaulted sky, still rose the holy symbol of the cross, and beneath its shadow repentant heresy might seek and find a pardon. I had stood in the glorious old cathedral of Cologne, and listened to the grand hymnology of the medieval Church as it rolled down the vaulted isle; but the grim majesty of the Dies Ira, and the thrilling pathos of the Stabat Mater, shadowed forth but dimly the condition of a Church that had left her first love.

As I listened to the solemn chanting of the Jewish hymns, the scene seemed changed, and in fancy I could hear the sad lament over Jerusalem, or the loud shouts of the angry rabble in Pilate's judgment hall.

The very earnestness of the congregation seemed sad, for each vital doctrine of their creed must pass away before they can obtain salvation. They, too, like the thief of old, must turn their eyes toward the crucified, and in Him recognize the God of Glory. O may the light of truth break in upon their darkened minds, till they, with voices tuned in glorious harmony, shall sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. E.

CENTENNIAL OF ZION'S HERALD.

This interesting era will be duly noticed on Thursday evening (the day of our publication), this week. An address will be delivered by Rev. Fales H. Newhall, D. D., and a poem read by Rev. Mark Trافت. Short addresses will also be delivered by Hon. Mayor Kingsbury, of Portland, Me., and Dr. Daniel Wise, former editors, and by any others that may be present. Hon. Jacob Sleeper, one of the original members of the Association, will present reminiscences of the early days, and friends of the paper. Volunteer speeches will be offered if the hours allotted to addresses admit of it. The occasion is an interesting one to the whole Church. The programme is

very attractive. We doubt not a full audience will participate in its enjoyment. The services are public, and no special invitations have been given.

A FLORIDA "MARTHA'S VINEYARD."

An association has been formed in Florida, for a purpose similar to the Martha's Vineyard and Ocean Grove enterprises. As many invalids now seek, every spring and winter, its softer climate, it was thought that many very desirable ends might be gained by such a corporate body, in securing good accommodations at a moderate price, and placing them under the most favorable religious auspices.

A fine homestead, at the junction of two water courses, about two miles from the city of Jacksonville, comprising over one hundred acres of land, finely shaded with oak, magnolia, and other trees, with a valuable sulphur spring near at hand, has already been purchased. The enterprise is largely in the hands of well-known Northern Christian merchants and ministers—such as J. H. Thornley and William Matthews, esqs., of Philadelphia, E. Remington, esq., of Iliou, N. Y., Geo. McCord, esq., of New York City, Dr. H. Foster, of Clifton Springs, and Revs. W. B. Osborn, J. S. Inskip, and E. H. Stokes.

The land is to be laid out in lots one hundred feet square—a great improvement upon their northern models—permitting the owner to beautify his cottage by cultivating flowers and fruits around it. Stores, and a good hotel will be at once erected. An academic institution is also to be established upon the grounds for the training of teachers for the Southern work of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to be endowed by the sale of lots. The great camp-meeting Tabernacle, under the administration of Revs. Bros. Inskip and McDonald, is to be pitched soon upon the grounds, and they are to be dedicated by a series of services to their double offices of affording aid and grace to both body and soul.

Thousands of invalids would eagerly seek the balmy airs of the Gulf, if they knew where good accommodations, with a pleasant Christian social atmosphere, could be secured on moderate terms. In this scheme, now so happily tending to an apparently early consummation, the problem seems to be solved. Indirectly also, a great amount of good may result to the Southern work of the Church through the associated enterprises connected with this movement. Detailed circulars will soon be sent out.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

An intelligent friend remarked in our hearing, that he had been in the habit of examining the issues of *The Ladies' Repository* for years, but he esteemed the last one, for January, the best he had read, which is saying a good deal for this particular number; but upon looking it over, we are inclined to join with him. The face of our new New England Bishop, Dr. Wiley, graces the magazine, and is accompanied with an interesting sketch of his life and labors. The papers forming the contents of the number are sufficiently solid and instructive, and varied enough with lighter literature, and a full and attractive editorial *melange*, to make the new year's number a welcome guest at all our centre tables. The frontispiece of Spring-time comes to us curiously enough with the mercury lost in the bottom of our frozen thermometers. But the editor, Dr. Wentworth, always creates a perpetual spring around himself, and the magazine is like a conservatory in winter.

The Publisher of the "Bay State Questions" upon the uniform lessons for 1873 sends us copies of the two series, one for older, and the other for the younger scholars, for a notice in our columns. Those that read his advertisement in the HERALD might not look upon the editor as an unprejudiced judge of the work. He can only safely say that, as far as he is capable of judging, these questions, prepared without printed answers, will enable an average teacher to interpret, with the use of such notes as are near his hands, to his class, the meaning of the first books in the Old and New Testaments—Genesis and Matthew—the beginning of the material world and human history, and of the gospel of Jesus Christ. The lessons are all connected with each other, and are re-impressed by thorough reviews. For sale by J. P. Magee.

New York city seems fairly astonished at its own virtue. The reaction of this righteous verdict, however, may awaken a mawkish pity for the unhappy young *roue* who has, in the very dew of his blasted manhood, crimsoned his soul with the blood of a fellow-man. The only, and utterly inadequate ground for a merciful sentiment towards him, is the loathsome character of the man he shot. But this end, at least, has been reached. Edward S. Stokes has been declared guilty of murder in the first degree, and has been sentenced to death on the 28th of the ensuing month. The trial was ably conducted. The charge, by Judge Boardman, was calm, clear, impartial, and very impressive. The jury stood at first 10 to 2 for condemnation. An appeal will be taken, delay will be gained, perhaps a new trial, and possibly an escape from the sanction of his crime; but much has been done to secure respect in the streets of New York for human life, by this act of an honest jury, under the direction of a dignified court.

Governor Perham, of Maine, delivered quite an extended and elaborate ad-

dress before his Legislature, dealing both with Federal and State topics. He is enabled to give a good financial account of his Commonwealth. Her debt is only \$7,187,900, and provision is made for it as it matures. The leading forms of business followed in the State, are in a prosperous condition. The State Prison, which is particularly well managed has earned over its expenses nearly \$8,000, while what is of far greater importance, the number of criminals are annually decreasing. Of course Governor Perham is sound on the temperance question. He heartily believes in the prohibitory law, and thinks there is no existing community of the same population where so small a quantity of alcoholic beverages are sold and used as Maine. He does not believe in the cider clause, and thinks that it has not met the expectation of its own friends. He urges the raising of the standard of education in public schools, securing better teachers, and more nearly equalizing the wages of male and female instructors where work is equally well done. To which every just man must say, amen! Many other matters of local interest he considers and presents to the law-makers of the State for their deliberation. His message is an able one.

In the Sabbath-school department of our paper this week will be found selections from the Notes of Prof. Murphy on the Book of Genesis. It was a very happy thought, as it will doubtless prove to be a profitable one to the publishers—Messrs. Estes and Lauriat, 143 Washington Street, Boston—to publish a new edition of "The Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Book of Genesis, with a new Translation." Prof. James S. Murphy, L.L.D., T. C. D., the author, is teacher of Hebrew in the Assembly College at Belfast, Ireland. As the lessons of the international series of Sabbath-School questions accepted by all the evangelical denominations will, for the next six months, be upon the book of Genesis, this volume will be particularly opportune. We have been familiar, for two or three years, with the English edition of this work, and have consulted it with much satisfaction. It is fully abreast of the most advanced Biblical criticism, yet is wholly conservative, clear and frank in its responses to such difficulties as are urged by Colenso and others, and always reverent in its treatment of the inspired Word. Its style is peculiarly attractive for an exegetical work, and its new version is of itself a valuable commentary upon the sacred text. Dr. J. P. Thompson, of the Congregational Church, and Dr. Alvah Hovey, of the Baptist, very heartily endorse the volume.

OUR BISHOPS.—We are offering this beautiful steel engraving as a premium to all old and new subscribers who pay for their paper to January 1, 1874. The question is often asked, "Am I too late to secure the picture?" We answer, No, if you will attend to the matter at once. Our object in offering the premium was to secure prompt renewals. Don't wait to be called upon by your pastor, but call on him, or send your money directly to the Agent, if more convenient. You can do so at our risk.

A brother writes, that his wife never witnessed an execution, and that she is very anxious to see the Bishops hung (on the wall of their cabin). We admire the taste of this good sister, and can assure her that it affords us pleasure to gratify her desire, and have not the least doubt that the Bishops themselves will enjoy being hung in just that place. We can also assure her of another fact: when the ceremony is performed, one of the finest steel engravings will adorn her wall that has been offered the public—worthy of the best place and the best frame that can be procured. The Bishops on the wall, and ZION'S HERALD on the centre table, will be a talisman of good to that household. We hope no Methodist home will fail to secure the blessings which this happy combination will confer.

THE NEW "MISSIONARY ADVOCATE."—Our missionary authorities could not see their way to give us the Missionary Magazine, so urgently asked for by many among us; but the Corresponding Secretaries have done their best to revolutionize the old organ, and adapt it to new and more efficient service. Its form is so reduced that the annual volumes can now be bound and preserved as easily as those of an ordinary magazine. A neat and tastefully engraved heading supplants the old and unhandsome one of type, and throughout there is the air and tone and ring of the new era. It may well number itself, "Vol. I, No. 1, New Series." The renovated organ will soon become one of the most popular of our Church issues. Our writers who wish to reach the ear of the whole Church without sending to a dozen local papers will be glad to use its columns. Let it be so welcomed that its managers shall feel justified by another year in greatly enlarging its already-doubled dimensions, so making it our long-sought "Metropolitan." W. F. W.

Our friends who have failed to see their notices of meetings, etc., etc., appear as yet in our columns, must understand it is not through neglect on our part. We have been so crowded by the change in our forms, that it was impossible for us to do better than we have done. In future, all notices reaching us by Monday shall appear in the HERALD of the same week; anything coming after that, in the following number.

The Family.

CHARITY'S REWARD.

BY GEORGE H. FULLERTON.

IF you sleep, angelic choir,
In tuneful numbers sweetly sing,
And gently strike their heavenly lyres,
That from the crystal throne they bring,
Then heard I them at midnight's hour,
While wrapt in gentle sleep I lay;
Then knew I once sweet music's power
To charm the grief of dreary days.

I dreamed of wreck by flood and fire,
Of dire distress brought on our land;
I saw fair maid with want expire,
Because too proud to make demand;
I dreamed I saw a man of wealth
Have pity for the suffering poor;
He gave them food, and wished them health,
He drove gaunt hunger from their door.

Scarce was the Christian deed begun,
Ere came the angel choir in light,
As if by rays of noonday sun
Descended softly in the night.

They sang his praise in furthest tones,
While harps gave to their sweetest sound,
And one his name on whitest stones
Made haste to write, his memory crowned.

"Reward," they sang, "shall bless for aye
This deed of kindness he hath done;
The meed in store, from day to day,
Shall greater grow, till heaven is won;
Then his reward shall more increase,
And never less his prize shall be,
Though he enjoy, and shall not cease
To take therefrom eternally."

Then passed, methought the hours away,
And came the morrow's middle night,
When angels sang again their lay,
And harps resounded in delight.

The man of wealth before us stood,
And others, listening, stood beside,
While he betrayed his doing good,
And swelled his heart with selfish pride.

Then straightway mute the angels bowed,
And sang no more delightful songs,
While every harp with grief endowed,
Made discord which to grief belongs.

An angel broke the tablet-stones
Whereon was writ the hero's name,
And spoke in sadly piteous tones,
"His sole reward is worldly fame."

MARY LEE'S NEW YEAR.

"Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee—
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee."

The hymn was ended, the low voice
hushed, for the baby slept at last,
and the cradle was moved back, while
the mother took up her work, and began
to sew. Her fingers moved nervously
and hurriedly, as she took up one gar-
ment after another to mend, and rap-
idly laid them in the finished pile. She
was in the bloom of womanhood, a lit-
tle worn, and weary-looking, but
bright and animated still. The door
opened, and another came in, and sat
down familiarly beside her. She was
older by many years, one of those
sweet, benign-looking persons, whose
mere presence seems a perpetual ben-
ediction. There are just such in al-
most every neighborhood, blessed spir-
its, upon whom the discipline of life
has wrought wonderful beauty. So
she sat there, with her tender, loving
eyes turned upon her friend, which
spoke of sympathy and affection even
more eloquently, perhaps, than the
subdued, silvery tones of the voice.

The gray hair clustering about the
placid forehead, the inexpressible
sweetness with which the lips parted
in genial smiles, the radiant cheerfulness
which beamed in every feature,
were far more attractive than any
youthful beauty could be. There is no
loveliness to be compared to that of a
refined, chastened spirit, which the
roughness and harshness of daily life,
in the passage of many years, has not
fretted and worn into ugliness, but
polished to resplendent beauty.

Youth has its own charms, but they
are like the fresh color of the artist's
first coat upon the picture; after this
it blends and subdues, adding delicate
touches, each scarcely perceptible to
the untrained eye, before he pro-
nounces it perfect. So doth the great
Artist likewise.

"I am so glad to see you, Mrs.
Cole," said Mrs. Lee. "You are just
the one I want to see, and talk with to-
night. I am completely tired, and
half discouraged beside. It is the last
night of the year; I always like to
make it a season for reflection. I
want to take a retrospect of the last
year, see what I have done, what im-
provement, or what mistakes I have
made, consider how to do better the
ensuing year, and all that. This has
always been my habit. But to-day, O
such a day, Mrs. Cole!"

"And what has happened to you, to-
day?" tenderly inquired the visitor.

"O, nothing strange, or scarcely
worth the telling, only it has been so
different from what I hoped it would
be. During all the week, I had been
trying to save time, and so expedite
business that I could, as heretofore,
have this day comparatively free from
care. I knew it would be hard be-
cause it is Saturday, and I would not
encroach upon the Lord's day by leav-
ing anything unusual to be done to-
morrow. I mentioned it to Bridget on
Monday, hoping she would help me to
bring it about. Now I cannot think it
was intentional, still it is none the
less true that she has been behindhand
all the week. The days are short at
the best, and the dull weather has
made the daylight shorter still. The
mud and snow have made much extra
work in cleaning. Tuesday afternoon
I had to be present at our benevolent
society as it was my turn to provide
the supper. Of course it took me all
the forenoon to prepare, and Bridget
must stay with the children. Wednes-
day, the postponed ironing had to be
added to the rest of the work. Thurs-
day, Cousin Lucy with all her family
came from the city to spend two days
with us.

Last night, after they went away,

Annie came from school with a sick
headache, and Johnnie with a hideous
rent in his overcoat, both demanding
immediate attention. In the night,
baby was taken with the croup. This
morning, after a sleepless night, I un-
dertook the day's duties. All the
week's work seemed crowded into the
space of one short winter's day, with a
fretful baby to carry about, and the ac-
cumulated weariness of a week's hard
work. This afternoon, Mrs. Piper
came in to take tea with us; she was
full of news as usual, and her constant
chattering grated harshly upon my
already overstrung nerves. Here the
week's mending challenges me for the
evening, and I see that no time for
calm, quiet reflection can come to me
to-night.

"Is it not comforting to know that
God is near you, and knows it all?"
"Upon that point I was thinking as
you came in: just there, am I seriously
anxious about myself. I do not come
near enough to Him. I was just singing
that hymn, while rocking the baby,
'Nearer, my God, to thee,' and I felt
that I would be willing to take up any
cross that would serve to lift me near-
er to Him. I think I have never known
many crosses, and when I see some
so purified and perfected through their
sufferings, I almost envy them. They
seem to have proved the motto true,
'Tenet et tenetur.' I both hold, and
am upheld."

"My friends are all spared to me. I
have suffered no serious afflictions; it
may be that by some great cross I
must yet be lifted nearer to God. O
that I may receive it patiently, and
bear it for His sake!"

"Perhaps you mistake, after all,
Mary," said the motherly voice.

"From your own account, and from
my own intimate knowledge of your
daily life, I am sure you have a multi-
tude of crosses laid upon you continu-
ally."

"O, but these petty trials do not de-
serve the name of crosses," said Mrs.
Lee, smiling.

"Yet they require strength to bear
them, not less than the greater ones
that you might dignify by the name of
crosses, and to which you might be
trusting to lift you nearer to God. Your
neighbor across the way is struggling
under the burden of her recent bereave-
ment—she recognizes and accepts it
as a cross, and turns to One stronger
than herself to help her bear it. She is
right—in so doing she grows strong,
patient, and meek. Aunt Sarah is bear-
ing what, no doubt, you think deserves
the name of a cross, in the shape of the
painful and incurable disease which is
wasting her life away so surely. Her
spirit grows pure and noble in propor-
tion as its tabernacle wastes and per-
ishes. Poor Mrs. Stone sits, to-day,
lonely and poverty-stricken in the ashes
of her home, by the grave of her sole
human support. But all these are bear-
ing crosses visible and palpable. Yours
are little, but thorny—not borne upon
your shoulders openly, so that all the
world can sympathize and pity; they
are like the hair-cloth of the ascetic,
appearing not outwardly, but fretting
and hurting in secret. Believe me,
Mary, it is not the kind of cross we
bear, but the spirit in which we take it
up which brings us nearer to God. Let
him choose it there, whether great or
small, grand or contemptible; it will be
a stepping-stone to help us upward.
You did not forget the sweetest verse
of that hymn, did you, Mary?"

"Here let my way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given."

"No, but those lines seem to have
a new meaning as I think of them
now, after what you have said. The
brightest things are often brought to
wear their exquisite polish by constant
and long-continued friction with the
minutest particles of an impalpable
powder. So the Father's brightest jew-
els may be perfected only by similar
means."

The Sabbath dawned, bringing with
it the New Year, and it found Mary
Lee silently repeating, "All that thou
sendest me, in mercy given." It was
astonishing how it lightened the burden
of labors, and took the sting from dis-
appointments and petty neglects and
privations, to feel that they were "steps
unto heaven." How it sweetened the
bitter drops that must enter the cup
of the most delicious life! Now the weary
steps and exhausting efforts which
seemed to leave her empty-handed as
before, became, to her new view, only
"steps unto heaven." She mourned
no more for that last day of the year,
which brought to her better lessons
through its discipline perhaps, than she
could have learned in the quiet of her
own chamber in uninterrupted medita-
tion. To her the New Year brought
better days than the Old.

A BOY'S LETTER FROM EUROPE.
NUMBER III.
ZURICH, SWITZERLAND.

Zurich is a very literary city. Not
only does it have a university and a
Polytechnicum, and scores of other
schools, but it also possesses several
fine libraries, containing an aggregate
of 160,000 volumes. The largest of
the libraries is the Stadt Bibliothek.
Here, among the curiosities, one may
see a Greek Psalterium of the ninth
century, a very rare and costly work.
It is written on purple parchment in
raised letters of gold and silver. An-
other and perhaps more interesting cu-
riosity is a Law Book of the Birmenese.
This is a very curious looking book, not
much resembling the law books we are
accustomed to see. It is written on
palm leaves in the queerest characters
imaginable. Besides these, there are
many letters possessing considerable

value as curiosities, as for instance a
letter from Zwingli to his wife; one
from Henry IV. of France, together
with the mask he wore at his execution,
and one from Frederick the Great to
Prof Müller. Among the rare books are
several old English Bibles. One has
the title, "The books of the hole Bi-
ble." It contains besides the books of
the Bible, "A Dedication to King Ed-
ward VI." "Myles Coverdale to the
Christen Reader," and an "Almanac
for fourteen years, beginning 1550."

There is also in this collection a book
printed in 1465, the first book printed
in Switzerland, and the first book print-
ed in Zurich.

There are many fine walks about the
town. Indeed, the people never think
of making an excursion with horse and
carriage, but always go on foot. A
walk of two hours up a steep and rug-
ged mountain, the Utliberg, overlook-
ing the city, is a favorite after-dinner
amusement with the ladies of Zurich.
Another frequent excursion is to take
one of the dozen little steamers plying
over the lake, ride up to some town ten
or twelve miles away, and walk back
on the road running along the lake
shore.

The Swiss peasants one meets in
making these excursions are very po-
lite. Every man you meet takes off his
hat; the boys and girls say, "Your
Honor;" and the women give you a
pleasant "Guten Tag, mein Herr."

One of the favorite amusements of
the Zurichers is boating. On warm
moonlight evenings the water in front
of the city is covered with pleasure-
seekers flitting here and there in their
light row-boats. A pleasant scene
can hardly be imagined. The moon
pouring its flood of light over the rip-
pling waters, lights up the hills and
valleys with its silvery beams, and
gives a weird but exquisite beauty of
light and shadow to the vineyards and
little villages on the distant hills. The
brilliant gaslights of the city add their
brilliance to the scene, while, from the
Town Hall across the bay, the strains
of music from the band, which plays
there nightly, come floating over the
waters, and mingle with the gay songs
and shouts of the boaters.

The Swiss soldiers are the most un-
solderly set of men I ever saw. Their
discipline when compared to that of the
Prussians is very poor. They wear the
most uncouth uniforms that ever disfig-
ured a son of Mars, and their personal
appearance, short, round-shouldered,
dwarfed featured, is decidedly against
them. What their fighting qualities are
I cannot say.

The Zurich people as a class are cer-
tainly not remarkable for their beauty.
It is very rare to see a handsome lady
among them. As a general thing any
handsome lady, seen on the streets, is
thought to be French or American, gen-
erally the latter. I remember several
times when walking down street in
company with German students, if we
happened to meet a handsome lady, the
Germans would say, "There's an Ameri-
can." "How do you know?" "Why,
she is so good-looking, of course."

"O LORD, I LOOK TO THEE."
Father, thy child am I?
And may I still rely
On thy dear words of love?
Scorned by each passer-by,
From deepest dust, my cry
Would seek thee near above.

While here I'm lying prone,
Humbled in dust—alone—
Waiting the Master's will,
If but a stepping-stone,
To lift me near thy throne,
Patient may I be still.

If this my mission be,
Then, trusting, Lord, in thee,
May my poor heart find rest!
From earthly cravings free,
O bid it henceforth flee
Unto thy loving breast.

O help me not to choose
(If Heaven's Love refuse)
The work that seemeth good,
Though thou shouldst sorely bruise,
Yet, Lord, thy servant use
As thou, not as I would.

Self, be thou crucified—
Soul, be thou satisfied—
To lack all mundane good,
Heart-hungry, thou hast cried—
Look up; thy Lord hath died
To break thee heavenly food.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.
BY MRS. R. H. WOOD.
CHAPTER IV.

It was late in the morning before
Carrie woke, and though she could open
but one of her eyes, she smiled and
said, "Mother, I feel better. I will
never be so naughty again, if the boys
do call me bad names."

"Carrie," said her mother, "you
should never give way to anger. You
can control it if you really try. Don't
you remember that I have often told
you that God is always near and ready
to help those to overcome that ask Him?
My dear child, never let your anger
rise; for it is not only a sin, but no one
is respected who is often angry; and
besides, the more you yield to anger,
the less power you have to control it."

"Mother, mother," cried Arthur, "do
put on some more coal, I am cold, and
the fire is most out."

"Come here, Arthur, and let me put
on your sack to keep you warm; we
cannot keep much fire to-day for our
coal is almost out, and I cannot go out
to get more."

The snow had fallen through the
night, and the wind was blowing it in
heaps against the door, and filling the
yard with great drifts. It did not seem
content with that, but it went flying
through the cracks in the door, and be-
gan to pile itself up on the entry floor,
and on the window sills. Mrs. Lucas
stuffed rags into the crevices to keep
out the cold, and then taking Arthur in

her lap she sat by the bed where Carrie
was lying, and read aloud from the Bi-
ble. "Thou hast been a strength to the
poor, a strength to the needy in his
distress, a refuge from the storm, a
shadow from the heat, when the blast
of the terrible ones is as a storm against
the wall." "O Lord, my strength and
my fortress; my refuge in the day of
affliction."

After reading she knelt and said,
"As Thou wast the strength and the
refuge of good men in the past, so be
Thou my refuge in this day of deep af-
fliction." She did not forget her naughty
boy, but prayed that no evil might over-
take him, though he had left them with-
out the means to keep them from per-
ishing for the want of fuel. As she
rose from her knees she sung,—

"The birds without barn or store-house are
fed,
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
His saints what is fitting shall never be de-
nied,
So long as 'tis written, 'The Lord will pro-
vide.'"

"O dear, dear," said Carrie, "what
shall we do? We shall freeze! If Law-
rence had stayed at home he could go
for some coal; why don't he come,
mother?"

Before her mother could reply, Ar-
thur said, "mother, there's a man com-
ing to our house!"

Mrs. Lucas looked out to see who
could be coming to her house in such a
storm. Had she have known him it
would have been hard to tell who he
was, for his beard was filled with snow
and ice, in fact he looked white and
shaggy as a bear in the polar regions.

As he came up to the house, and saw
the deep drift in the yard, he tried to go
around it, but as the snow lay in large
heaps all around the house, he plunged
into it, and with much difficulty came
to the door, which Mrs. Lucas opened
for him. He stamped the snow from
his feet, and shook it off from his coat,
and then followed Mrs. Lucas into the
room, introducing himself as Mr. Hill,
from Boston. As Mrs. Lucas heard
this she knew that he had come to tell
her something about Lawrence, which
caused her to look very pale. He then
asked if Lawrence was her son, and
then said that Lawrence lounged about
his shop a number of days, and stole
candy; and after he had told him that
he leave his shop and not come again, he
continued to come, and finally he took
money from the counter, and then he
was taken and sent to Deer Island for
one year.

At this dreadful news Carrie cried
aloud, and tears ran down the pale
cheeks of her mother, and little Arthur
stood close to her, wiping the tears
from her face, and whispering "poor,
mamma, don't cry."

Mr. Hill said he had made inquiry
about Lawrence, and learning that his
father was dead, and that his mother
was dependent upon Lawrence to do
many things, he had called to see if
there was something he could do for
her. As he continued to talk he found
that the room was growing cold, so he
called Arthur to him, and taking him
on his knee, he asked in a low voice, if
his mother had any coal? and Arthur
whispered, "No, sir." Mr. Hill arose
to leave, telling Mrs. Lucas that he had
not wished to distress her by having
Lawrence brought to justice, but hoped
that the discipline and instruction which
would be given Lawrence might be the
means of reforming him, and of saving
her from a greater trouble in the future,
and said it would be a pleasure to do
something to help her at any time she
should need a friend.

For quite a time Arthur tried to
amuse himself with his blocks, and
then with his stick, upon which he got
astride, calling it his pony; but with
all his efforts he could not be happy, for
he was cold and hungry; so he began
to worry his mother by teasing and cry-
ing.

"Hush, my child; what do I hear?"
"Haw!"

"O, mother! I hear a team coming,"
said Arthur, running to the window
and scratching off the frost to make a
place to look out. And sure enough,
there was a yoke of oxen coming
towards the house drawing a sled upon
which was a large box of coal and a
barrel of flour.

The men took their shovels and made
a path, and then they rolled the barrel
into the house, besides taking in the
box of coal. As they went out they
said that Mr. Hill had sent them to her.

"Now, mamma, you can make a
good fire, and bake some cakes, can't
you?" said Arthur, running about the
room as happy as a bird; but Carrie
could not be happy, so she lay upon the
bed and cried.

As soon as the room was warm her
mother said, "Now, Carrie, you may
get up, and you must be as cheerful as
possible."

"How can I be cheerful when Law-
rence is in a house of correction? I
think Mr. Hill might have let him go.
I don't like him!"

"Carrie," said Mrs. Lucas, "you
forget that those Mrs. Lucas, 'you
must be punished by the law. If one
goes without being punished, then it is
right that all should be punished."

"Why, mother, don't you care if
Lawrence is shut up on Deer Island?"
interrupted Carrie.

"To be sure I do; I am deeply dis-
tressed to know that Lawrence is so
bad a boy as to deserve such severe
punishment; yet Carrie, I think it is all
right. It may be the only thing that
will make him a good boy. He would
not listen to me, nor obey me. There
where he is he will be obliged to listen
to good instruction, and obey his teach-
ers; and he will not have the tempta-
tions to do wrong that he had at home,
for you know how the boys led him
away."

"I know that; but it is dreadful, and

I wish Mr. Hill had let him alone,"
cried Carrie.

"My dear child you forget that the
Bible teaches that no evil can come to
them that trust in God, and I trust Him,
for I know that He is willing and 'able
to do exceeding abundantly above all
that we ask or think.' Just think how
He has answered our morning prayer,
by sending us the coal. I fear we might
have frozen without it, for it is impos-
sible for me to go out till the paths are
broken, and the weather moderates. I
hardly dared ask for the flour, but you
see that God sent us 'abundantly' more
than we asked. Now Carrie let us
leave Lawrence in the hands of our
heavenly Father who delights to do
good to all them that love and fear
Him."

We must now leave Lawrence, the
idle, disobedient boy, a prisoner on Deer
Island, reaping a harvest of shame and
sorrow, as a result of his dishonesty,
and disobedience to his mother and
teachers. How long and sad must be
the days as they slowly pass away; no
kind sister to speak to him now, no little
brother to play around his chair, no
mother to comb his hair and tidy him
for school, all these he has lost, and all
because he loved the ways of sin.

But Elias, the honest and obedient
boy, has a smile and cheerful word from
all that meet him, showing that good-
ness yields a harvest of happiness.

THE PET'S PARADISE.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Up before the daylight is our Golden Hair,
Looking for her petkins, all so cozy there;
Smuggling puss and puppy, ere she's washed
and dressed,
"Bye-lo, bye-lo, baby," singing them to rest.

Like a chattering brooklet, shining in the sun,
While in golden mazes shadows o'er it run,
Sits our bright-eyed baby with her cloud of
hair—
Wavy, gay and gleaming in the morning air.

"Come, my star-eyed darling—Nurse you
mustn't keep;
"No, I isn't weary; Kitty ain't asleep."
Wicked, bright-eyed Kitty! many an hour
'twould take—
Mama's song to shut those eyes, so saucy
wide-awake!

Boozy, lazy, puppy seems a hopeful case;
Scarce his eyes are open in his sleepy face,
Wicked Kitty meditates giving him a claw
With the little prickles in her velvet paw.

Little fairy mother, with her earnest eyes,
Softly broods above them, in flowery pa-
dises,
Nursing, watching, cooling, with tireless ten-
derness,
Motherhood and womanhood in her babe's
caress.

Kitty is so willful—such a wild young cat!
Puppy is so stupid—what a care is that!
In her eyes of innocence gathers purpose
deep—
"Wait a minute, Nurse! I'm ditta'm
asleep!"

Ah, poor grown-up mothers, with your way-
ward care,
Romping, frisky, stolid, clasped in one em-
brace,
Mirrors forth your larger lives, hopes, and
loves, and prayers!

Different natures, jarring, held in one em-
brace,
Find within our mother-arms their abiding
place,
But there is a Larger Love, us and ours that
ears,
As we clasp our little one, with her little
cares.

ENIGMA, NO. I.

I am composed of 66 letters.
My 9, 32, 64, 33, 50, is a beast of burden.
My 28, 47, 63, 57, 20, 2, 45, is spotted.
My 13, 49, 31, 38, is called the king of the
forest.
My 37, 51, 47, 17, 8, 5, 5, 1, is the largest of
quadrupeds.
My 30, 59, 40, 21, 25, 63, 6, 15, 34, is a dog.
My 35, 43, 44, 61, is an animal spoken of by
Christ.
My 39, 63, 50, 24, 18, is a valuable animal.
My 13, 2, 53, 64, 37, 29, 3, 59, 21, is a camel
with one hump.
My 66, 4, 30, 18, 62, is a wild animal.
My 42, 19, 11, 33, 36, is unclean to the Jews.
My 27, 52, 14, 9, 26, 2, 33, is a quadruped, or
a fish.
My 9, 32, 41, 33, 9, 36, 65, 44, 50, 58, is valued
for its fur.
My 46, 3, 62, 16, is a deer.
My 31, 54, 60, 47, 62, is a small animal valued
for its fur.
My 24, 10, 2, 18, 48, is a small animal.
My 55, 26, 30, is a domestic animal.
My whole is found in proverbs.

A. C. R.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Sunday, Jan. 13.

LESSON II. IN EDEN. Gen. ii. 15-25.
TOPIC: Man's glory and honor in the
earthly paradise.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Thou crownest
him with glory and honor, and didst
set him over the works of thy hands,"
Heb. ii. 7.

1. The Work Appointed.
2. The Commandment Announced.
3. A Companion Provided.

Exposition.

Three things are stated in this lesson:
1. Man was, at his creation placed
in a lovely and most prolific region of
the globe. Precisely where this spot,
called Eden, was, we know not; but
some place it in that part of Mesopo-
tania, through which the Tigris (Hid-
dekel) and the Euphrates (Phrath)
flow. Eden means *delight, pleasure*.
God meant man to be happy, but not to
be idle, therefore, Adam had to take
care of this garden. Without this care
everything would run wild. Industry
is enjoined by the Creator as one of
the necessary conditions of existence.
Some seem to suppose that man would
not have had to labor, but for the Fall.
This is surely a mistake. Activity is
the law of creation. According to the
constitution of the human mind, the
needs of the body and the construction
of the earth, man must have been a
laboring animal.

2. Man was permitted to eat of all
the kinds of fruit in the garden except
of that of the tree of knowledge of good
and evil. This was the first command.
What this fruit was, or what is the
exact meaning of the passage, we can-
not determine; but we do know, this
was a test of Man's obedience. But, it
was, doubtless, more than this. There
must have been some radical evil in

the thing forbidden. God denies nothing
that is good; or permits the use of
anything that is evil. The penalty
of disobedience was death—spiritual
death. There must have been physical
death before the fall; but spiritual
death—the death of the soul of man,
by being in the condemnation of sin—
was the result of his disobedience.
"The wages of sin is death." Any
disobedience of the law of God is sin;
therefore all sin is fatal to the soul.

3. A companion was provided for
man. *Isha*, the she-man: Eve, the
mother of all living. Adam was cre-
ated, but the human race was to be
born. Eve was to be his helpmeet, his
companion, his equal. She was taken
from his side. Her strength was to be
in her affections. Love was to be the
golden bond of union. Death only was
to separate them.

Comment on Verses 15, 16, 17.

BY DR. J. G. MURPHY.

The prohibitory part of this enact-
ment is not a matter of indifference, as
is sometimes imagined, but indispensa-
ble to the nature of a command, and,
in particular, of a permissive act or
declaration of granted rights. Every
command has a negative part, ex-
pressed or implied, without which it
would be no command at all. The
command, "Go work to-day in my
vineyard," implies thou shalt not do
anything else; otherwise the son who
works not obeys as well as the son who
works. The present address of God to
Adam, without the exceptive clause,
would be a mere license, and not a
command. But with the exceptive
clause it is a command, and tantamount
in meaning to the following positive
injunction: Thou mayest eat of these
trees only. An edict of license with a
restrictive clause is the mildest form of
command that could have been imposed
for the trial of human obedience. Some
may have thought that it would have
been better for man if there had been
no tree of the knowledge of good and
evil. But second thoughts will correct
this rash and wrong conclusion.

1. This tree may have had other
purposes to serve in the economy of
things of which we are not aware; and,
if so, it could not have been absent
without detriment to the general good.

2. But without any supposition at
all, the tree was fraught with no evil
whatever to man in itself. It was in
the first instance the instrument of
great good, of the most precious kind,
to him. It served the purpose of calling
up into view out of the depths of his
nature the notion of moral obligation,
with all the kindred notions of the in-
herent authority of the Creator and the
innate subordination of himself, the
creature, of the aboriginal right of the
Creator alone in all the creatures, and
the utter absence of any right in him-
self to any other creature whatsoever.
The command concerning this tree thus
set his moral convictions agoing, and
awakened in him the new and pleasing
consciousness that he was a moral
being, and not a mere clod of the valley
or brute of the field. This is the first
thing this tree did for man; and we
shall find it would have done a still
better thing for him if he had only made
a proper use of it.

3. The absence of this tree would
not at all have secured Adam from the
possibility or the consequence of dis-
obedience. Any grant to him what-
soever must have been made with the re-
serve, implicit or explicit, of the rights
of all others. The thing reserved must
in equity have been made known to
him. In the present course of things it
must have come in his way, and his
trial would have been inevitable, and
therefore his fall possible. Now, the
forbidden tree is merely the thing re-
served. Besides, even if man had been
introduced into a sphere of existence
where no reserved tree or other thing
could ever have come within the range
of his observation, and so no outward
act of disobedience could have been
perpetrated, as a being of moral
susceptibility, he must come to the
acknowledgment, express or implied,
of the rights of the heavenly crown,
before a mutual good understanding
could have been established between
him and his Maker. Thus we perceive
that even in the impossible Utopia of
metaphysical abstraction there is a vir-
tual forbidden tree which forms the test
of a man's moral relation to his Creator.

The Beautiful Garden. Orchard, full
of fruit, apples, grapes, etc.; shade
trees, rivers, cool waters all round;
never another like it. God laid it out,
planted the trees, and put man in it.

None of the animals could talk to
Adam: so God made Eve. How?
What God said. The first marriage,
by God, in Eden.

You envy them? Come now; see
how much you have still, the same as
Adam and Eve.

Here is *(first)* keeping the Sabbath.
They had it, from God. No pruning
or dressing of the trees that day. So
you; no day-school, or work; what
commandment? Repeat fourth com-
mandment. That keeps us happy.

Second. You learn lessons, run er-
rands, mind baby, work; will do far
more when you are big. That is happy
too. Bad to be idle and lazy. "Satan
finds," etc. The story of the boy that
asked the bee, bird, horse, to play with
him; all had something to do, and
would not. He was ashamed, and set
out for school, from which he was about
to stay away.

Adam and Eve had to work. No
disgrace (see v. 15), but honor.

Third. You cannot do everything;
cannot steal, lie, curse or swear. Why?
God says "thou shalt not." That is
His law. This is the way to be happy.
Keep from all God forbids. So Adam
and Eve. One tree not to be eaten of.
They had plenty.

